

## **Heat and Venom by Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

*Peleus is half-nymph, which Phoenix is reminded of infrequently but often enough.*

Phoenix learns that nymphs bite, and what exactly happens when they sink their teeth in.

## Heat and Venom

### Author's Note:

- For [miraculan](#).

HI EVERYONE I PRESENT YOU WITH MORE HOT DADS. Many thanks to everyone who enjoyed my original dads fic, it is always a challenge writing for a new fandom even if I've written something very adjacent with all my Hades stuff.

Absolutely buck wild to see 'the Iliad' as the fic tag tho. like wow this fandom is 3,000 years old. Hi.

If anyone is coming here with little to no Iliad knowledge then extra thank you, this requires zero information except for Achilles' dad is hot and a half-nymph and Phoenix is gay for him.

Peleus is half-nymph, which Phoenix is reminded of infrequently but often enough.

There is the flash of his eyes, an ochre gold that cuts through any dimness, a sight Phoenix has become used to lighting his nights, reflecting firelight even as it dies in the hearth.

There is the point of his ear, right where he tucks his hair to keep it from falling in his eyes, just behind where he rubs his temples when he tires.

And there is the sharpness of his teeth, two sets of canines where a full mortal should have one, sharp enough to leave Phoenix with the most angry and distinctive love bites anyone had ever given him. And sharp enough, it seemed, to break skin.

This is the first that has happened; there is a particular sort of possessiveness that has spurred it on. Peleus says *mine* before he bites, and he's clutching Phoenix tight to him, fingers fitting to Phoenix's ribs, as his mouth digs into Phoenix's shoulder.

He's inside Phoenix, too, which probably does fuel the feeling.

"*Yours*," Phoenix echoes him, hands on the back of his head and neck, holding him there while Peleus licks the wound he's left and then licks his teeth clean.

He draws back and he looks drunk, even though they've not had more than their customary share of wine at dinner. "I... don't usually... not without warning, at least."

"I know it's not un... not uncommon. Your—" he gestures in the vague direction of Peleus' hip, where there is a similar scar from Thetis, if a bit deeper and toothier, because she is no mere halfling.

"Mmn." For a moment, Phoenix worries he's going to have to stop Peleus from pulling out, but Peleus only draws back to fuck into him again, and *gods*, it feels *better*.

Maybe it's because Peleus has claimed him like this, maybe it's the weird hot-cold feeling that affects the area of the bite and then courses through his blood. Wait.

"Aren't nymphs venomous?"

"I'm not," Peleus tells him, "no need to worry."

"I think you might be." Phoenix claps a hand over the wound—the alternating waves of hot and cold mostly leave *hot* in their wake, a tingle he can feel distinctly beneath his skin, now. It's spreading from the bite, too, and it's starting to reach his belly, pooling warm. It overlays the warmth that's already there from sex, amplifying the feeling even more when it finally reaches his cock and reaches where Peleus is buried in him. "*Fuck*, I feel..."

"Are you alright?" Peleus settles a hand on his forehead as if feeling him for fever, but his attention is snatched by the hand Phoenix has over the bite mark. "Let me see."

He peels Phoenix's hand away, and Phoenix expects him to examine the wound, but instead he licks Phoenix's palm where the blood is starting to go tacky already. His tongue rasps a little. Phoenix curls his fingers against it and Peleus sucks them into his mouth.

The feeling makes a pull in Phoenix's lower belly, remembering the way Peleus had said, *'how difficult could it be, my wife never complained of my mouth,'* before the first time he'd gone down on Phoenix.

"You're... are you...? You're alright?" He's getting less coherent by the second, apparently this is affecting him, too.

"More than," Phoenix says, and then, *"harder."*

Peleus chuckles as he hurries to oblige, his voice pitched low and sensual in the sort of way that always makes Phoenix wild. He has Phoenix pulled to the edge of the bed, so he can brace himself with his good leg and rock into him faster.

"How's that?" he asks, even though he knows it's good, Phoenix is arching up so forcefully that his lower back lifted off the pillow he'd had keeping his hips up.

"Don't stop," is all he begs. The waves of hot and cold are just hot and *hotter* now, and he's already on the edge. Whether it's the venom coursing through his blood or the way Peleus is fucking him, he's not going to last.

"Don't worry, dearest, nothing could stop me."

Peleus leans back, and this is mostly so that he can hoist Phoenix's leg up higher, until his knee is over Peleus' sturdy shoulder. *"Fuck."* It comes out in a breathless heave. "You ought to be glad I keep so limber still," he said.

"Don't talk like such an old man. If you're old, I'm ancient."

"You don't even have a decade on me." This is the last thing Phoenix says for a long time, because their usual gentle ribbing is impossible to keep up when Peleus is fucking him this way, hard and rough and *deep*, his head

dropped forward and his hair sticking to his sweaty forehead and to Phoenix's leg where Peleus is leaning his temple. His grip is iron on Phoenix's thigh.

He comes in another rush of heat, but it's a quick one, over in the amount of time it takes for Peleus to slow down and give him time to catch his breath. He's still rocking in Phoenix with these jerky little thrusts like he can't help it, but he's not ploughing him full-tilt anymore. It takes a few more of these and the heat at his core only increasing for Phoenix to realize he's not getting soft.

"I... so, it seems your—" he has to clear his throat. Was he screaming? "Your venom has some other benefits."

Peleus is staring at his cock like it's some undiscovered treasure (can't be, Peleus is very familiar), and when he runs his fingers up the underside, it twitches a little. If anything, he's gotten *harder*. "So it seems," Peleus says. "Phoenix—if we're to continue, would you perhaps like to reverse this a little?"

"What, is your knee getting sore?"

Peleus sort of cringes there, which means a yes. Phoenix doesn't gently roll him over tonight, though, he bucks him off and gets him on his back with a shove, and considers straddling and riding, but...

His cock *aches*, and he really wants to get inside Peleus, to feel that warm squeeze of his body. He reaches for the little bowl of oil they had been using, manages to drip even more on the bedding, as he lets his hand slip between Peleus' thighs and squeeze his balls before skirting under them.

"When you said 'reverse this', is *this* an outcome you were picturing?" he asks.

"I was imagining you riding me, but I'm not opposed," Peleus says, spreading his legs wider to allow Phoenix more room. He strokes himself while Phoenix opens him up, maybe being a little hasty with it, but every moment of contact with Peleus' skin, especially feeling inside him, has that

neediness ratcheting up more and more, the sting of his lover's bite on his neck starting to turn into a low, hungry throb. Peleus groans and seizes his wrist. "Phoenix, stop wasting time, you know I can take it."

"Trying to be decent, love."

"We're about to fuck all night because I infected you with nymph venom, I don't think 'decent' is on the table," Peleus said, in a cheeky drawl that underscores the way he says *fuck*, the expletive harsh in his low, regal voice. "Come on, my dearest, beloved. Be indecent with me."

He still pauses to kiss Peleus before pushing inside. That's an imperative no matter how indecent they are.

The first thrust in *feels* indecent. He's too tight. "Doesn't hurt?" Phoenix confirms, and Peleus hums and shakes his head, no.

"Keep going. You know what I like." He tosses his head and his hair goes ribboning out over the sheets, silver-streaked black, like glimmers of starlight in a midnight sky.

Everything looks sharper at the edges, and he realizes he can *smell* Peleus, even with his head drawn up and away from his body, and that musk and spice only gets more powerful as Phoenix dips his head to press a closed-mouthed kiss to Peleus' chest, wiry hair under his lips. He has a mole in the center of his breastbone that is hard to spot, but Phoenix knows where it is and picks it out easily, dropping another kiss there as his cock sinks in deeper.

Bottoming out feels better than he thought it would, as if something had taken that sharp ache within him and stroked it, drawing out that neediness until it stretched from his head to foot. His scalp tingles as Peleus talks to him, his hands on Phoenix's shoulders. "My heart, please."

When he calls Phoenix that, Phoenix would do anything for him. Anything at all. Fucking him is no difficult ask, he's moving immediately, that divinely-enchanted pleasure in him pushing him to move harder, faster, return the favor Peleus dealt him.

He doesn't expect to come after only moments. He knows Peleus feels it, he can see the muscles of his stomach clench up, can see his eyes go wide. This is all before Phoenix squeezes his own eyes closed, hands pinned in the sheets on either side of Peleus' ribcage, his breath rushing out of him as everything in him stutters with the force of this orgasm. It's *more* than the last one was.

Peleus lifts his face, hands on his chin, fingers ruffling through his beard. "Again?"

"Mmph?" he says, eloquence at a bit of a limit at present.

"You feel like you're still hard. Can you keep going? Give me another one?" He's needy, his hips shifting. He knows Phoenix is very much still hard, because he's clenching down.

"If you don't mind giving me a *moment*, you spoiled little tart. I don't know if you're aware, but your bite, here, it makes orgasms feel like..."

"Like dropping off the mortal coil and coming back to life again," Peleus says, which was much better-put than the, *like being hit by a chariot* Phoenix was going to say. "I've felt it, too, you know."

He must be talking about Thetis, but Phoenix can't help but ask, "does it do anything for you? Your venom?" as he starts moving again, taking it slow because despite it all he feels like he'll come again.

"I don't think so," he says. "I can taste it in my mouth, now, though. I... Nereid venom is different."

Phoenix doesn't have it in him to inquire after the difference between being bitten by a sea nymph or a mountain nymph. He hums enough to let Peleus know he's listening.

"You know what really does it for me, though?" Peleus' voice sounds all floaty—he's liking this. His hand is around his cock again. "The taste of you when I bit you. Your blood on my teeth. It's... a bit sick, I admit."

It may have been, but Phoenix was undeniably interested. Maybe it was the venom. Maybe it was the fact that Peleus' tongue slicked with Phoenix's blood was an image that made him shiver.

He tips his head, scoops his hair over his opposite shoulder. It gives Peleus full access to the mark he'd left, so he can lick over the blood welling up from the four neat pairs of puncture wounds aligning the bruised corners left from his blunter teeth. It makes him moan, his breath is hot against Phoenix's skin.

Peleus licks his lips while Phoenix rearranges them. He wants to lay on their sides, it's more comfortable after two orgasms, and Peleus is obliging although he does give Phoenix a catty raise of his brow as Phoenix abandons the task of fucking him for the briefest of moments.

"If you do not get back in me I'm going to roll you over," Peleus said, which he knows is an empty threat, today has been hard on Peleus' knee and riding Phoenix would be nigh impossible.

"I've got you," Phoenix tells him anyway, because that's all he wants, really. Reassurance that Phoenix is going to be there. "I'll take good care of you."

"Thank you, love," Peleus hums, lying his head back on the pillows and shifting his shoulder so that Phoenix can give him a kiss in the same place Peleus left a bite mark on his own skin. Phoenix gives him a little nip to tease, and Peleus warns him, "you'd best not be marking your king where everybody can see."

"Never, your highness," Phoenix said, the honorific coming out more like an endearment. He's truthful, Peleus' skin is bronze and sun-tanned besides, he doesn't mark easily. "Although, if you showed up with love bites I think most folk would simply be relieved you're actually tending to your needs for once."

"One would think—*ah!*" He's moaning, because Phoenix had no qualms with interrupting him by pushing in slow, cupping the bend of his knee to



widen the spread of his legs a little. "One would think," he starts again, "the whole palace knows. With how loud you get me."

He grips Peleus' hip and thrusts up in a quick, hard fuck, demonstrating this ability. Peleus' voice is low and resonant and it carries, unlike Phoenix's rasp. He knows this because he can hear Peleus talking from rooms away, and because once, Peleus was in his private bath and desired Phoenix's attention, so he began touching himself and groaning Phoenix's name and Phoenix couldn't resist following his call.

"If everyone knows, I ought to be able to leave a mark," Phoenix reasons, although Peleus is beyond responding, especially since Phoenix's hand has dropped from his hip to stroke his cock, a slight brush of fingers before tightening his hold, trying to get Peleus off first this time, although he's not certain he'll succeed.

Not when Peleus is the best thing he's ever felt, not when every sensation is multiplied a hundredfold, not when his body has been primed for another—

He settles his head against Peleus' shoulder and tips his chin up so he can kiss another mole that lays along the slope of his shoulder blade.

"Close again?" At least Peleus' voice is no longer so frustratingly even. He sounds as overwhelmed as Phoenix feels. "C'mon, my love." He bats Phoenix's hand aside and starts touching himself, his own rhythm better than whatever Phoenix could stutteringly muster. "I'll catch up."

Peleus lifts his head so that Phoenix can slip his arm that'd been trapped against the bed beneath, letting Peleus nuzzle up to his wrist, his lips brushing over the pulse there. The scent of him is going to be left there, on Phoenix's skin. Phoenix wonders if he'll be able to detect it after the venom runs its course.

"Ah—that's—yes, *please*, my love, take me. Take me apart." It's possibly the least eloquent Peleus has ever been, and it makes Phoenix's heart soar and that venomous internal heat ratchet up yet again.

"I have you," he says. "I'm all yours."

"Yes!" he can hear the smile on Peleus' lips.

He *bites* again, his teeth digging into Phoenix's wrist (not deep enough to break skin this time, thank the gods, because Phoenix does not need another dose) and there's a high, sharp noise in the back of his throat as he comes, actually managing it a few seconds before Phoenix.

Peleus tips his head forward and kisses the middle of Phoenix's palm, as Phoenix empties into him again.

He's not even sure he's completely finished as he gathers Peleus close to him, both arms around his chest, kissing the back of his neck where his hair is finer and curls up with sweat. His scent is stronger here, and it's stronger in general now that he's come, a fact which desperately makes Phoenix want to get his mouth between Peleus' legs while he's under this particular influence.

Considering the state he's in, he can probably do that right now.

"So. How long does this last, exactly?" he asks.

Peleus laughs, warm and full of a dangerous undercurrent that says *you're in for it, my friend*. "We'll have to see."

'We'll have to see' turns into Phoenix kneeling astride Peleus and letting him suck him, teasing nips of his teeth at Phoenix's thighs on his way there. It turns into Phoenix returning his favor and, on the rare occasion at which he comes up for air, telling Peleus, *"just let me live down here, please."* Peleus' scent alone is enough that Phoenix has to get himself off while he does it.

He gets Peleus' fingers in him again after that, taking it slow, lying face to face and trading kisses through it all. Peleus can't go again because he's not under the influence of any sort of venom, but he works Phoenix over until his knuckles and his wrist have to be sore. Phoenix is overwhelmed enough that his breaths are coming out in sobs, and there are tear tracks Peleus has kissed away more than once trailing down his cheeks.

It's not painful, they've used enough oil that it's still a smooth slide, but all his senses are being constantly bombarded. With any other man, he would hate to turn into a weepy mess like this. With Peleus, he can't help it. "I'm still good, love," he says, when Peleus tries to slow down. His voice is more of a rasp than usual.

"Mm. I'll take care of you." He kisses the corner of Phoenix's gasping mouth. He's got both hands on him now, fingering him while his other hand cups his cock, gentle because he got a bit too sensitive for more somewhere around the fourth orgasm. He goes willingly when Phoenix tangles him up in another kiss, but his hands don't stop moving.

Phoenix tips his head back and gasps, a throaty noise tearing from his chest as Peleus' steady hands work another orgasm from him.

Peleus kisses his throat, his collarbone, detouring to press one more to his shoulder over the mark he'd left. He's still touching Phoenix's cock and suddenly it's *far* too much—Phoenix grunts and shifts his hip back until he slips free of Peleus' grip.

"Is that all of it?" Peleus asks, remarkably mild for somebody who's sucking Phoenix's come off his fingers. This particular action makes Phoenix unable to answer for some time.

He eventually just nods.

"Good, you're wearing me out," Peleus jokes, kissing his cheek. "Stay here, dear heart, I'll be right back."

He's sort of drifting by the time Peleus returns, not sleeping but it's as if he's a little bit drunk, and he has to blink a few times before the image of Peleus in front of him is no longer blurry.

Peleus' hands are gentle with him, although getting him cleaned up is a bit of a lengthy task. It lasts long enough that he can close his eyes and start to fall asleep again, nudged to wakefulness only occasionally by the warm press of Peleus' lips against his temple and his cheekbone. *Kiss kiss kiss*, like the playful pecks children give.

"Asleep yet, love?" Peleus asks him, and Phoenix manages to raise his eyes.

"No, I'm. Not yet." He rolls over obligingly, letting Peleus cuddle up to his chest.

"I want to do that again," Peleus says, and his grin shows all his sharp teeth.

"Not for a week."

"Phoenix." He sounds like he's pouting. Phoenix wonders if he's the only one who ever heard the king like this.

"Keep that up and I'll make it two."

His threats earn him another kiss, right over the mark where his lover's teeth sank in.

#### **Author's Note:**

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And if you are looking for more of this spicy dad flavor, please check out [Icky](#) on twitter because they have been posting just the most gorgeous comic of these two!